

Out of Order and an Incalculable Coastline

By Peter David Smith

Out of Order

And there came a day when the bees woke up. The bees came streaming out of the beehives and the ants came running out of the anthills and the termites came swarming out of the termite mounds. And the ego personalities said

“Wait! I’m not a bee!”

“Hang on a minute! I’m not an ant!”

“Hold it for a sec! I’m not a termite!”

The cuckoo clocks stopped saying “Cuckoo!” and started saying “361 terrible protozoa walking backwards to the bedsitting room of your weekend knife blade in the very thing we kicked about until the whistle blew the last of double quadruple octuple fox being orange grove bunker teeth incessantly ball bearing plasticity conundrumuz”.

A star moved across the sky until eventually finding a stopping place above a stable. A planet swam across the ocean until the dolphins dance around it. A galaxy and a moon held hands in silent vigil for the three which seem as one when viewed from a distance.

Future History intel - An Earth colony was established on a planet on the other side of the sun.

Future History intel - This “Counter Earth” is identical to our own planet but was never visible to us because the sun was in between our twin worlds.

Future History intel - The colony on “Counter Earth” was given a year to prove that our twin world could support a long term development for our expanding population.

Future History intel - After a year, a second spacecraft was sent to see how the colonists were getting along.

Future History intel - The second expedition found that all of the colonists had mysteriously vanished, leaving only some photographs of some strange jellylike blobs and a single word, carved into the trunk of some large vegetation: “*Protozoan*”.

Merlin said to Ego “If you were a Merlin you would have no personality at all”.

Ego said to Merlin “Oh. Um. Okay, bye then.....”

An Incalculable Coastline.

Pease Blossom, Dandy Lion, Witch Hazel, Conker, Mayflower, Oak Apple, Quercus, Briar Patch, Daddy Longlegs, Sparrow Hawk, Diddy Mon, Acorn, Long Grass, Cedar Grove, Holy Thorn, Pole Cat, Old Tom, Young Tom, Spare Wheel, Clock Work, Bright Spark, Book Worm, Thimbles Worth, Road Kill, Will O'the Wisp, Bandy Legs, Table Mat, Tom Tom, Green Slade, Barkus, Bacchus, Bumble Bum, Tom Tit, Mutt Bone, Flyer, Bone Fox and Fone Box, Timmy and Tyke, Johnny and Jo, Colin the Copse, Wiggly, Jiggly, Moan Mouse and Mibble, Motor Mouth, Singer Swag, Cracker Box, Chatterbox, Piddle Puddle, Pen Mill, High Peak, Low Go, Ariel Fairiel, Helly Copter, Horse Chestnut, Lavender Lace, Hullo Balloo, Under Water, Bind Weed, Pimple Blue, Snow Drop, Cow Pat, Corn Silk, Apple Spot, Moon Cole, Spoon Bill, High Crane, Mud Lark, Tone Fork, Runny Nose, Bibble Dibble, June Bump, Sonny Bright, Jack Frost, Layer Cake, Song Bird, Rain Drop, Grass Patch, Straw Box, Wood Cock, Eyes in the Pot, Red Cap, Blue Cap, Ellie Mental, Stone Wall, Jimmy Crack, Chalk Face, Eagle Eye, Brain Box, Blue Black, Bitten Bum, Water Rat, Green Sheep, Candle Wick, Bumper Snoot, River Wand, Star Child, Midge Moper, Cottage Brown, Horn Twist, Know Bobble, Ash Velvet, Buttercup, Sea Breeze, Marsh Bug, Daphne, Sparkle Shine, Rosie Red, Ribbon Cloth, Hale Stone, Bracken Bramble, Barley Corn, Tin Box, Steam Packet, Falcon Hat, Hedge Hogg, Grindle, Grendel, Grubbins and O'Grady, Top Shot, Hawk Eye and Splatt.

These were the names of just some of the staff who worked for the English Coast Guard Auxiliary Fairy Squad along the infinite crenulations of the English coastline.

Since it had been discovered that fractal maths made the coastline of England infinite in its tiny tiny wiggly bits the Coast Guard had found it necessary to recruit officers from the also tiny tiny Fairy Folk and other “fragments of forgotten peoples”, as Alfred Lord Tennyson would have it.

Some of these fragments have proved to be more than capable and have risen through the ranks to take more responsibility than anyone previously thought could be possible for a fragment.

It may be argued that the length of the English Coastline is not actually infinite as such, but merely incalculable.

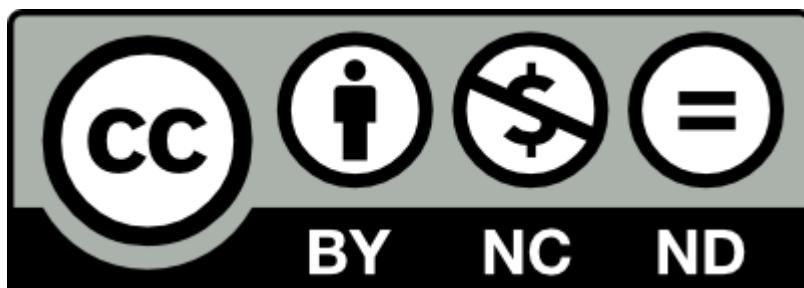
That is an argument without conceivable resolution because no-one can legitimately claim that meanderings into minutiae are irrelevant where the cliffs, beaches, bays, spits and coves go on for kilometres beyond counting or accountancy.

Special committees for discussing the “meandering into minutiae” aspect of fractal beaches, peninsulae and cliffs were set up but the issue of “People Smuggling in Cornish Caves and South Eastern Marshlands” became divisive.

All existing Parliaments have attempted to debate these issues and all of them have ended up wandering off somewhere to lay down in a darkened room and think about easier things.

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